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HERCULES AT HOME.

He is the oldest of three boys,
Each one of whom can deftly poise
A fifty-pound weight at arms length,
A prodigy of size and strength.
They exercise with clubs and bells,
'Till each the other ones excels.
These sons of Anak, side by side,
Fill their old parents' hearts with pride.

As I passed by their house one day,
I heard their weary mother say:
"Allan, my boy, I wish you could
See that I have some good split wood."
Allan, who was his mother's pet,
Took from his lips a cigarette,
At his next brother shied a stick,
And yelled "John, get some wood, right quick!"

John took a few steps in the mud,
And called his youngest brother, Bud,
"Get mother some wood," said he; "be spry."
"Do it yourself," was Bud's reply.
As I went by the yard again,
I saw these fine, athletic men,
Smoking, as only strong men could,
While their old mother split the wood.
—*Mary A. Benson, in Texas Siftings.*

DIAMOND AND PASTE.

Clarissa's Trip to New York, and What Came of It.

"It's so nice to have you at home again, Clarissa."

The sun had disappeared behind the Catskills; the evening train had gone on its way, and Clarissa Dorrance was riding homeward, by the side of Hugh Harland, with her little trunk neatly wedged in at the back of the one-horse wagon, and her traveling-bag in her lap.

She was a pretty, apple-cheeked girl, with hazel eyes, fringed by long, black lashes; hair that shone like black satin, and a sweet, delicately-curved mouth. And as Hugh Harland looked down upon her, he felt that she was, to him, the woman of women, fair, pure and peerless.

"I dare say," said Clarissa, straightening the folds of her traveling dress, "but you don't reflect how stupid it is for *me*."

"Stupid, Clary! But it's *home!*"

"And I wish it wasn't," said Clarissa, shortly. "Oh, you don't know, Hugh, how splendidly they live at Cousin Ianthe's, in New York!"

"Do they?" said Hugh, somewhat blankly.

"It's a real elevating, intellectual life," pursued Clarissa, earnestly. "Morning concerts, lectures, readings, and then five-o'clock teas, and kettle drums in the afternoon, and opera and theater of an evening, if they don't receive themselves, or go out to balls and parties."

"I don't see when they get time to do the housework," said Hugh, meditatively, drawing the whiplash across old Dobbin's back.

"Housework!" scornfully repeated Clarissa. "They don't do any. There is where the refining influence comes in. They leave all that sort of thing to servants. And I don't think, after my experience of this Elysian life, that I can ever go contentedly back to sweeping floors, cooking dinners, and straining pans full of milk. It's drudgery! The merest drudgery in the world!"

"Isn't it almost a pity that you went to New York?" said Hugh, in a low voice.

"Why?" sharply retorted Clarissa, turning around so as directly to face him.

"Because I don't feel that, with the care of mother on my hands, I can afford to keep a girl," explained Hugh. "And if you are to be my wife"—

"That's just what I wanted to speak to you about," said Clarissa, reddening, and uttering her words very fast. "I think that perhaps it is best for me *not* to be your wife."

"What?" cried Hugh. "Clary! Clary! take care what you say! I love you, dear. I've counted on our marriage for many a long year. Don't break my heart now. But I'm sure you can't mean it, Clary. I'm sure it's all a joke, dear."

"But I *do* mean it," said Clarissa. "Our engagement was all very well at the time of it, but every thing is altered now. I see life from a different stand-point. I shouldn't be at all happy, now, as a farmer's wife in the Catskills."

"I see," said Hugh, sadly. "You've learned to despise me because I work for a living. You want to be a grand lady, and sit all day with folded hands. Do you think, Clary, that you'll be any happier so?"

"I mean to try the experiment," Clarissa answered, resolutely.

"And you're tired of me, Clary? Well, that ends the question," said Hugh, with set lips. "I'll marry no woman against her will, not if I loved her better than my life."

"I am glad you take the matter so sensibly," said Clarissa. "The fact is, Hugh—I may as well tell you now as any time—I have partly engaged myself to Mr. Cadwallader Caledon, whom I met in New York. He is an English gentleman, heir to a baronetcy, at present visiting the city, and I felt, as soon as I saw him, that our souls were born to burn, a sacred flame, on the same altar."

"Humph!" said Hugh. "Is it the fashion in New York for a girl to be plighted to two men at once?"

"I said I was *partially* engaged," explained Clarissa, with flaming cheeks. "Of course I trusted to your magnanimity to release me from a bondage which I could no longer endure."

"It shall be as you please," said Hugh, listlessly.

And he left her and the trunk at her own door, and drove spiritlessly home.

"She is tired of me," he said to himself. "The girl I loved so dearly is *tired* of me."

The tongue of gossip wagged in every direction when it transpired that the engagement between Hugh Harland and Clarissa Dorrance was broken.

"Hugh's a dreadful likely man," croaked old Aunt Hubbard. "That city chap must be powerful smart for Clary to throw over Hugh Harland for him."

"My M'lissy'll make him as good a wife as the next girl," said Widow Burton. "He and M'lissy al'ays sat on the same bench at public school, an' he givin' M'lissy a pair of earrings, carved out of cherry-stones, and she worked him a woosted motto, 'There's No Place Like Home,' with a fifty-cent walnut frame around it!"

And straightway the Widow Burton and her plump daughter, "M'lissy," sat down before the fortress of Hugh Harland's heart, and began steadily to lay siege to it.

Time rolled around, as time has an unalterable way of doing; the rosy June melted into red-leafed October—the autumn shrank away in mists and shadows, and when the snows lay white on Catskill peaks Clarissa Dorrance went to New York.

"To be married," said the Widow Burton. "She'll be Lady Somebody one of these days. For my part, I don't b'lieve in Englishmen. If M'lissy marries, I hope it'll be to a thoroughgoing Yankee."

There was no one to welcome her at the train. Clarissa was a little puzzled at this, as she had telegraphed to Mr. Cadwallader Caledon to meet her. However, she made her way to her cousin Ianthe's house as best she could.

"Bless me, Clary, is this you?" said Cousin Ianthe, who, with a volume of the latest Travels on her lap, was under the hands of her hair-dresser. "Didn't you get my letter?"

"What letter, Ianthe?"

"About that villain, Cadwallader Caledon. He isn't a gentleman at all, only a valet who had run away with his master's check-book and visiting cards. And his real name is Silas Rugg. And they've taken him back to London to be tried for felony. And I'm sorry you've come just now, for we've got a house full of company, and I can't possibly accommodate you."

"But—but I can't go back to-night, Ianthe," pleaded Clarissa, feeling as if the whole world was swimming around her.

"Then I suppose my maid, Baker, must make you up a bed over the bath-tub," said Cousin Ianthe, ungraciously, "for one night."

Truly hath the philosopher spoken: "There is nothing so success-ful as success." If Clarissa Dorrance had been fated to be "Lady Somebody," Cousin Ianthe would, so to speak, have groveled in the dust at her feet. But as she had allowed herself to be engaged to a plausible imposter, Cousin Ianthe was only anxious to get her out of sight and hearing forever.

"Of course you can't come down to dinner," said Cousin Ianthe. "You have no dress, and we are to entertain some very elegant people. But Baker shall take a cup of tea and some toast up to the bath-room. It's very unfortunate that you should have come just now."

Clarissa passed a sleepless night in the bath-room, and took the first train back to Catskill. It was crowded—the only vacant seat was next to a man muffled in furs.

"Is this seat engaged?" she asked, timidly.

"There's room enough for you, Clarissa," said a well-known voice, as Hugh Harland made room for her beside him.

Clarissa murmured an almost inaudible recognition, and sank into the seat.

"Been down to New York?" said Hugh, kindly.

"Yes."

"But you're not making a long stay."

"No."

"Clarissa!" said Hugh, wistfully, "has any thing happened?"

"Yes," cried out the girl, in a voice choked with mortification, "something *has* happened. I have been made a fool, Hugh. I have thrown away my life."

"Let us hope not," said the young man, earnestly. "Clarissa, you used to trust me once. Trust me now. Tell me all about it."

And Clarissa told him. There was something in his calm, strong, protecting presence that seemed to give her hope and cheer.

"So I am not to be married, after all," she said; "but I suppose *you* are, and I wish you every joy."

"Yes," said Hugh, "I hope I shall be happy. But I sha'n't be, Clary, unless you will help me."

"I!"

"Yes, you. We'll forget the past, Clary, and begin over again. My home and my heart are yours as much as ever. If you had married that other man, dear, I should have lived and died a single man, for I never could have loved any one but you."

"Oh, Hugh, dear Hugh," sobbed Clarissa, "you are a pure, priceless diamond! That other man was paste! Oh, Hugh, I am not worthy to be your wife, but I will try my very best to deserve this happiness."

And so they were married. And the Widow Burton and "M'lissy" were disappointed, after all.—*Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.*

THE WISCONSIN WAY.

How Railroad Fares are Collected in the Timber Region.

A railroad conductor who used to run up in the Marinette and Harley regions of Wisconsin, and who is now cooling off in Chicago from the effects of some warm experiences which he had in that benighted section, entertained a party of friends in the following vein: "I had been told, when I first took charge of the train, that I would have a tough lot to deal with. The first car I entered on the occasion I am telling about was full of the hardest looking customers I ever saw. There wasn't a sober man in the lot. I approached each man and said 'Tickets' in a firm but polite way. They all gave me a big laugh, and when I had gone through the car I hadn't a ticket or a cent to show for my work. I felt as though I was in great luck to be alive. I entered the next car, and encountered an individual who was infinitely harder looking than the chaps I had left. I said 'Ticket' to him, and he shrugged his great shoulders.

"'How much did you get o' that other car?' he asked.

"I told him not a ticket, not a cent.

"'What are you going to do about it?'

"I told him I didn't know.

"'Kin you afford it?' he growled.

"I told him I couldn't.

"'Then you'll get bounced—lose your job, won't you?' he asked.

"I said I guessed that was the size of it.

"'Well, you won't, he said. 'Gimme your cap. I'll get your tickets.'

"I handed him my cap and insignia and went forward. The first man he came to he hit under the ear and bawled out: 'Gimme your ticket or your fare, or I'll bury you in the floor.'

"The man recovered and handed the thumper a bill.

"'You don't get no change this 'ere trip,' said the acting conductor, and he hadn't more than said that than he hit another man under the ear. 'Ticket or fare,' says the acting conductor, and that man unloaded.

"In less time than it takes me to tell it every man in the car was on his feet with money in his hand waiting to pay, and every one of them did pay.

"The acting conductor brought the roll to me and said: 'You want to hit these fellows under the ear when you want fare.'

"But I never had the courage to do it, and I soon afterward resigned. I never knew who my benefactor was. I asked him his name and he answered:

"'You got your money, didn't you?'

"I said 'yes.'

"'Well,' he added, 'don't ask any foolish questions.'

"I saw him frequently after that, but never learned his name. He always paid his fare, and I never hit him under the ear for it, either."—*Chicago Mail.*

Marriage Customs in China.

Among the Lolos of Western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, divided into numerous separate but communicating compartments. At a given signal, so soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them. As with the maiden on the horse, and the virgin on the tree-top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Much-Married Man.

An amorous Pole rejoicing in the name of Vladish of Kofmolsky married a Warsaw girl in his twenty-seventh year. When the honeymoon was up he took his young wife's personal savings and departed for Galicia, where he moved about to a number of cities within two years and married three girls, serving each of them successfully as he had done the first, until the police got on his scent and he had to skip. He went to Prussia, where he was married for the fifth time. Soon after he went back to Poland and married No. 6 at Mlava. That girl being rich, he was able to take his traveling expenses from her on a larger scale, and skipped to Warsaw. Having obtained work at a factory he succeeded in finding favor with the blooming daughter of the factory janitor, and was just going to make her his wife No. 7, when No. 6 made her appearance and saved the girl. She did not, however, succeed in stopping the career of this new Don Giovanni, who had hardly seen that his game at Warsaw was up when he again skipped and went to parts unknown, assisted, no doubt, by the ample funds taken from the coffers of No. 6.—*Chicago News.*

UNCLE SAM'S GROCERY.

How Army Officers' Families Obtain Goods at a Discount.

Just south of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, west of Fourteenth street and facing the river bank, stands a large frame building, with a one-story L extending along the alleyway. This is the United States commissary depot for the supplying of subsistence stores to the soldiers of Fort Myer and the arsenal. This depot also furnishes to the families of retired officers resident in the city groceries and provisions at a lower rate than they could be purchased of a city dealer. The United States commissary department buys in large quantities direct from the importers and wholesale dealers all the provisions used by the army.

As Uncle Sam is a cash customer and large consumer, his trade is sought for, and he is quoted very low prices on all he buys. The army officers are allowed to get groceries at first cost from the commissary depot—that is, they can buy one barrel of flour at the pro rata rate the Government paid for one thousand barrels, which were bought not in open market, but from the dealer offering the lowest price in answer to the department's proposals for supplies. A reporter dropped into the depot storehouse here, a long, low building, the the interior looking like a grocery store. The air was tinged with the subtle flavor of coffee, spices and bacon.

Great piles of salt meat packed high in a corner. Sacks of fragrant coffee from Rio and Java. Boxes of black and green tea from China and Japan. Little packages of spices and peppers from the isles of the Indies. Case after case of canned tomatoes, corn and fruits. Barrels of rice and hominy. Casks of sugar and molasses and firkins of butter. Caddies of tobacco for the enlisted officers, and row after row of boxes of Havanas, Reinas and Perfectos for the officers. Hanging from nails on the wall were canvas-covered hams and lengths of breakfast bacon, and last, but greatest in profusion, a seemingly inexhaustible supply of that joy and comfort of the army, the succulent bean.

The Government buys nothing but the best of goods, and it goes without saying that if it is possible to get pure, unadulterated articles of food, the officers and men of the United States service have them. The majority of the retired offices living in Washington avail themselves of the opportunity of saving a small per cent. of their grocery bills by purchasing their supplies from the commissary. It is no unusual sight to see several fine equipages drawn up before the door of the storehouse, while the owners of them, officers' wives, are inside the building selecting and ordering their supplies of groceries. An account is kept with those who purchase from the commissary, and prompt payment is required at the end of every month.

The depot keeps a small delivery wagon, which delivers to any part of the city orders filled by the storekeeper. The plan of selling groceries to the officers was inaugurated several years ago for the protection of those stationed at far Western and inaccessible posts. These men were compeled to buy their supplies from a sutler, and the prices were often so exorbitant that the margin between the expenses of a soldier stationed there and one in the East was quite a large amount. The system not only saves money to the officers, but gives them a better class of supplies.—*Washington Critic.*

THE FRIGATE HUSSAR.

Unsuccessful Efforts to Raise the Treasure of a Sunken Ship.

In the earlier days of the revolutionary war, the British warship Hussar was sunk in the East River, New York. On board of her, at the time, it is said there were five million dollars in gold coin, which were to be used in paying the army and navy. On November 25, 1780, the Hussar, while going through the sound on her way to Newport, R. I., struck upon Pot Rock and foundered. Efforts have been made at various times to raise the sunken treasure, and large amounts of money have been spent, without success. The British Government in 1794 sent two brigs to this country to try and secure the treasure, and in 1829 another unsuccessful attempt was made. Companies have been organized in nearly every large city in the Union for the purpose of securing the wealth, but all have failed. In 1848 Captain Thomas, the inventor of the submarine armor, made an attempt, and he was followed by Charles B. Pratt. Mr. Pratt secured more than any of his predecessors, and was at work until 1866, when he abandoned the scheme. Mr. Pratt was succeeded by the Frigate Hussar Company, which spent large sums of money to no purpose. A number of people have been ruined by being connected with the enterprising men who were confident that they would be able to bring the treasure up from the bottom of the river. Work has been stopped on the wreck for a number of months, but it is soon to be resumed again. A new stock company has been organized, and more money is to be spent in making an effort to dig up the British gold. The wealth has been buried so many years that it is doubtful if it will ever be brought to the surface.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A homely truth is better than a splendid error.

PITH AND POINT.

—Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

—A man's life is half over before he learns how to live.

—Shake han's wid a beggah, an' he'll t'ink yo'er one.—*Judge.*

—Some men dat am de ahkitects ob dair own fawchunes ereck mighty crazy buildin's.—*Judge.*

—Good intentions will not help a man on his way if he takes the wrong road.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it knocks out all opposition at the foot of the hill.—*Washington Critic.*

—A show spoken of as "a rare entertainment" proved to be a performance not well done.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The difference between the life of an old bachelor and the life of an old maid is that one is full of fun and the other isn't.

—Some people are as backward in paying their respects as though respects were another name for debts.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Some Difference: First Speculator—"Did he fall in with your scheme?" Second Speculator—"No, he tumbled to it!"—*Tid-Bits.*

—Bjones, who is still a bachelor, says that he has learned from experience that a girl can smile and smile and be unwillin' still.—*Somerville Journal.*

—It is one of the blessings of a free and enlightened country like the United States that the law-abiding citizen never knows that he is governed—until he gets married.

—Landlord—"Come, Sepp, that is the tenth match I've seen you strike. What have you lost?" Sepp—"I'm looking for a match that I've dropped on the floor."—*German Joke.*

—"So you are really going to marry old Moneybags?" said a friend to a New York belle. "Yes, indeed; but it's merely a dollars and sense arrangement; he furnishes the dollars and I the sense, you know."

—The Freshness of Youth.—
When we're getting along in years,
And more of the world we see,
It almost makes us weep to think
How fresh we used to be.
—*Boston Courier.*

—"I would perhaps say yes," said the gentle maiden to her dude lover, "if you had more push, more energy." "I could have more push, more energy," he said, "if I had a mind." "If you had a mind! Yes, that's just it."

—Sweet Girl—"Isn't Mr. Fortune-hunter splendid? He's been such a traveler." Rich Widow—"Splendid, indeed! He's the most unmannerly fellow I ever met." "Unmannerly?" "He's positively insulting. I never want to speak to him again." "Oh, I'm sure there's some mistake. What did he say?" "He asked me if I'd ever heard Jenny Lind."—*Omaha World.*

—Brown—"You're a lucky dog, Robinson. So you married a girl worth half a million dollars in her own right." Robinson (rather more sadly than the circumstances seem to warrant)—"Yes." Brown—"You ought to put up the drinks." Robinson—"All right, old man. Just wait while I run into the house and see if I can get a dollar."—*Chicago Tribune.*

NEW YORK'S SOCIETY.

The Inner Circles of Swelldom Limited to Seven Hundred Members.

A census of "good society" has just been made in this city, and it is found that out of the population of nearly two millions—counting in the metropolis and its suburbs—only seven hundred are qualified to rank with the best. In a republic where the notion is outrageously general that behavior is the true test to worthiness, it requires an authoritative edict once in a while to squelch the leveling tendency. The Patriarchs have done the job this time. They are an organization of intensely-swell gentlemen who give annual balls at Delmonico's, and they put what they regard as their minds to the drawing of the line distinctly between "society" and common people. The Patriarchs' next ball is to occur shortly. Ward McAllister, an old beau of unquestioned standing, is the high mogul. Every autumn he makes out a careful list of ninety-nine other real gentlemen, making a hundred in all. They constitute the Patriarchs, and they were chosen recently. They are assessed fifty dollars apiece for a fund with which to pay the costs of music and supper. Upon them is placed the awful responsibility of issuing invitations, for the documents are substantially credentials of the highest possible character, proving that the holder is "in society." Each one in the hundred names seven persons. The number is based on a careful and critical estimate that there are no more than seven hundred men and women in all New York quite worthy of the glorious distinction. The separate lists of seven are sent to McAllister, who calls a secret meeting of the entire hundred, to whom the names are read, and a single vote against a candidate is sufficient for exclusion. All of which is funny to the reader, but very momentous to the coterie of persons concerned. When Mrs. William Astor gave a notable ball two years ago she extended her invitations to eight hundred, and was by her friends considered liberal, considering how sacred are the precincts of "society." Thus you will see that, so far as New York is concerned, there may be an "upper ten thousand," but towering altitudinously above them are less than one thousand of positive superlatives.—*N. Y. Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MY DOLLY.

I wonder what my papa means
By calling me Miss Fidget?
A silly goose
That has no use—
A troublesome young midget.

He says I always "ought to laugh,
Good little girls are jolly."
What would he do
If he, boo-hoo!
Had tored his little Dolly?

He says my Dolly's nothing but
A lot of rips and creases—
That all combined
Could never find
One half the missing pieces.

And mamma told me if it was
Made out of iron and leather
It wouldn't stay
More than a day
Securely held together.

I know its nose and ears are gone,
It has one leg left only:
A great big crack
Is in its back
And one eye looks so lonely.

Its face gets blacker every day,
It's never tidy, never;
And if I rub
And scour and scrub
It makes it worse than ever.

They want to know what makes me keep
The "nasty thing" about me,
Why, don't you see
It's fond of me,
And couldn't do without me!

Now, does it matter much to them
How sick and cross I may be?
I'm not afraid
Mamma would trade
Me for another baby.
—*C. M. Snyder, in Louisville Courier Journal.*

A BABY IN FURS.

Some Very Singular Habits of the Seal Family.

On any one of a great many small islands along the uninhabited parts of our coasts lives a little beast whose babyhood is one of the strangest we know. The largest tribes of these animals live far away to the North, and they are much more numerous in the Pacific than in the Atlantic Ocean.

It is so cold and wet in his native land that this creature wears two coats of fur to keep warm, and it is so uncomfortable for men that no one, except the natives, who are used to the climate, cares to stay there long enough to find out about his ways.

But this baby happens to be a very important youngster, because the coat he wears is so desired by ladies to put on their own backs that it becomes very valuable. It is seal-skin, and the baby, of course, is the fur seal. A few years ago Prof. Henry W. Elliott was sent by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington to find out all about seals, and what he tells us of the first few months of seal baby life is most curious and interesting.

When this infant comes into the cold, wet world, he is about as big as a half-grown cat. He is dressed in a suit of rather long, black hair, with an under coat of fine, short fur, and he has a small white spot behind each forearm. His head is pretty, as are the heads of all seals, and he has beautiful, large, dark-blue eyes, with long lashes. His foreflippers, broad, finlike-looking things, are extremely useful. On them he walks, taking two short, mincing steps, then bringing up with a jerk his body, which rests on the heels of his hindflippers. With these also he swims. His hindflippers, however, are the strangest members one can imagine. They are long and thin, or flat, as Prof. Elliott says, like a black kid glove pressed flat and wrinkled. The long fingers, turned far out on each side, flap about in a useless kind of way. In swimming they are used to steer with, but on shore merely to fan and scratch himself. He never rests on them.

The young seal is a regular baby. The first thing he does is to cry with a weak "blaat," like that of a lamb. He has, too, a baby's way of eating till he is too full and is obliged to let the food come up again, which looks droll enough in an animal.

One of the most peculiar things is his fondness for babies of his own kind.

As soon as he can get about, he leaves his home and joins his fellow-babies. These little fellows collect in great numbers by themselves, back of the ground their elders occupy. When a mother-seal comes up from the sea to nurse her little one, she approaches the nursery of thousands of youngsters looking all alike, calling as she comes. Hundreds of little voices answer her call, but she knows her own, and hitches herself through the crowd, pushing the others right and left, till she reaches him and feeds him.

Then she goes away and leaves him with his playfellows. She doesn't seem to care that he prefers to be with them; in fact, this is seal fashion. When they go back to the life in the sea, the fathers go by themselves, the mothers in parties of their own, the half-grown young "bachelors," as they are called, in their own company, and, strangest of all, the babies also together.

A very interesting sight is a field five or six miles long filled with little seals, hundreds of thousands of them, almost as thick as grains of sands on the shore. Many are lying around in every possible position. Some of them are flat on their backs, with hindflippers drawn up to the chin and the foreflippers crossed on the breast; others lie flat on the stomach, with hindflippers under the body; still others on the side, with one flipper held up in the air; while some are curled up in a ring like a dog.

Most of these babies sleep in a restless, jerky, nervous way, as if they had bad dreams. Many will be seen playing with each other, loping over the ground uneasily, day and night alike, or rolling over and over in good-natured frolic; for these amiable little beasts are never ill-natured. The sounds arising from the multitude will be the blaat of hunger and the choo! choo! of surprise.

The interesting time in this water-baby's life comes when he learns to swim. His parents take no notice of him, and the little fellow has to attend to his own education, for, strange to say, though destined to pass his life in the water, he can not swim till he has learned.

It happens thus: In his wandering about the land, when he gets to be five or six weeks old, the pup—as he is called—first or last stumbles upon the beach, and into the edge of the surf. This is a new element, but it has a fascination for him that he can not resist. The first time a wave washes up and goes over him, he turns in hot haste and scrambles back upon the land, very much frightened; but in a moment or two back he goes, flounders about in the first wave, struggles and beats the water with his little flippers, and comes out so tired that he has to take a nap at once.

Every day the young seals play in the water, very clumsy and awkward at first, but learning more as time goes on, till, before many weeks, the whole baby population of hundreds of thousands of pups spend most of their time in the surf, swarming along the whole coast, frolicking and chatting in great glee.

By the time the old seals leave the land, and the young one begins to feel a desire to go, too, the young seal can swim and dive and sport and sleep in the water with ease. Also he has learned to get from it his food, consisting of small squids and other little creatures, till he is strong and expert enough to catch fish.

By the middle of September this self-training is ended, and the young seals weigh thirty or forty pounds. As the time draws near for them to take to their ocean life, they shed their baby coats and get on the "sea-going jackets"—light gray over-coats of fine hair about an inch long, and soft brown under ones, half an inch thick, which keep their bodies warm and dry.

At the same time the old seals have put on their fresh suits, and the whole rookery breaks up for the year. The old males leave first; a little later the mothers and "bachelors," and last of all the younglings.

This clannish way, of each age keeping by itself, is one of the most curious customs of the seal family. Another interesting habit is the fanning, already spoken of. This is done with the long, thin hindflippers, which are usually carried striking squarely out each side, and well up from the ground, with the ends, or toes, curled over.

One of them is often gently moved back and forth with exactly the motion of a fan, and whether it is done to cool the body or not, it looks as though that were the object, and gives the animal a queer, sentimental air, very amusing to see.—*Olive Thorne Miller, in Youth's Companion.*

The Limit of Visibility.

Just how large is the minutest object it is possible to see under the microscope, is a speculation of considerable interest. Sir Henry Roscoe having treated the 1-100,000 of an inch as the limit of visibility with the highest known magnifying power. Mr. Crisp, of the Royal Microscopical Society, affirms that the real limit may be quite safely placed below 1-500,000 of an inch though it can not be definitely determined. Rev. Dr. Dallinger, the eminent president of the Society, indorses this view, stating that he has himself seen objects which were certainly between 1-200,000 and 1-300,000 of an inch.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—An English builder of theaters has invented a panic lock for theater doors. It is contained in a panel which occupies a large surface on the inside of the door, and any one coming in contact with the door must press the panel, upon which the door opens instantly. It is impossible for the doors of a building fitted with this lock to be fastened so that egress is prevented, but from the outside no entrance is possible except with a regular key. Terry's theater in London has been fitted throughout with the new lock.

—A commercial traveler was bragging about the magnitude of the firm he represented. "I suppose your house is a pretty big establishment," said the customer. "Big? You can't have any idea of its dimensions. Last week we took an inventory of the employes and found out for the first time that three cashiers and four book-keepers were missing. That will give you some idea of the magnitude of our business."—*N. Y. Star.*

—A ten-year-old boy who accompanied his mother to a bookstore asked the young clerk if he had "any books for little boys that ain't got any religion in 'em." Little boys that ain't got any religion in 'em should read the Bible and Sunday-school books—and this is the kind of literature the ten-year-old querist evidently did read.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Nearly all of the $6,000 worth of jewelry stolen from Banker Morgan, of New York, has been recovered. A search under the carpet of the room occupied by Dorsey, the burglar, revealed a cigar box concealed in a circular hole deftly sawed in the floor beams, which contained a large part of the missing gems.

—We can only truly enjoy our mercies as we see them in the hand of a God of love.